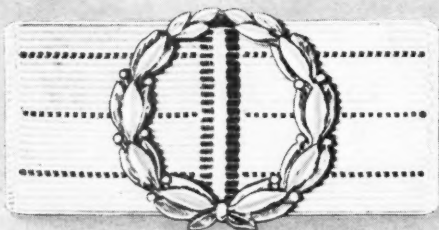


MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD YEAR •



May ☸ 1946



C I T A T I O N

Reverend Robert H. Winkels, Contract Chaplain, United States Army, is awarded the Emblem of Meritorious Civilian Service for meritorious service during the period from 1 January 1945 to 1 October 1945. He traveled up and down the Burma Road visiting isolated installations in order to administer unto our personnel. Acting as interpreter and guide on many occasions, he ventured into the wilderness to recover the remains of our American fliers who were the victims of air tragedies. In the highly meritorious performance of his duties as Contract Chaplain and of other assigned tasks, Chaplain Winkels has made a significant contribution to the accomplishment of the mission of the United States Army in China.

The following Maryknoll missionaries have received similar citations from the United States War Department:

Rev. Mark A. Tennien	Rev. John J. Mihelko
Rev. Arthur F. Dempsey	Rev. Francis G. Kelliher
Rev. Herbert V. Elliott	Rev. Leo J. Walter
Rev. Francis Lynch	Rev. James F. Smith
Rev. Constantine F. Wolotkiewicz	

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

Address all communications:

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Among this issue's features:

Our Cover: An artist of Asia paints the Blessed Virgin in Korean garments.

Father Meyer's Magic. Doctor, farmer, cook, consoler, organizer, builder, and friend of the poor, is this missionary.

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Women of Japan. Maiden speech for a new life; a threshold to new privileges.

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Plum County Reports. Bishop Ford unfolds the facts of harvest time and whitened mission fields.

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Catechetical Cavalcade. A clatter of hoofs is Father David Walsh's prelude to success, ending with a hymn.

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Village of True Peace. A good name sometimes means a real fight.

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Don't Push! A waterfall and a thirst, a slippery stone and a soaking, are factors in the hands of our Blessed Mother.

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Father Vincent Lebbe, Hero, became a naturalized Chinese to win more souls for Christ.

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Their puzzles have Catholic answers

Since some State laws differ in their requirements for wills, write for our free booklet:

The Making of a Catholic Will.

Legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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Father Meyer's Magic

by MARK A. TENNIEN



Father Meyer greeting Father Tennien on the latter's return to Hong Kong

I WAS IN THE FIRST PLANE to bring a Maryknoll missionary into Hong Kong after the war. The shadow of this C-47 raced over the giant mountains and rippling green waters that form Hong Kong Harbor. A short time previously, other planes had belched out their bombs here and fought each other to the death. Now it was a quiet city we were over, but with all the ugly scars of battle still bare.

Somewhere in the war-wrecked city below were two American priests, with an extraordinary tale to unravel of their three-and-a-half years spent in the confines of a Japanese internment camp. One was Father Bernard Meyer, from Iowa, and the other was Father Donald Hessler, from Michigan. An unusual pair of men were these two Maryknollers who chose to stay when the barbed-wire gates were swung open to let them pass to freedom.

The repatriation ship, the *Gripsholm*, was allowed in the harbor in the summer of 1942, with gangplanks down and tables spread with food to receive the starved, interned Americans. But the 2,500 internees who had to remain in the camp needed a priest to be with them, and they looked forlornly at the group packing baggage. Bishop Valtorta of Hong Kong sent word at the last moment, asking for two volunteer priests to stay, because he had learned that his own priests would not be permitted to enter the camp to say Mass and administer the sacraments.

There, indeed, was a hard choice for men packing to go home: the land of the free, or starvation and perhaps death.

Few men would dare entertain an alternative that toys with death. But the Iowa-born Father Meyer was never a procrastinator when giant tasks had to be

done. He was a plunger and a driver, whose powerful hands could hold the plough through Iowa greensward until the horses gave out with fatigue, and whose keen mind could produce dictionaries and treatises:

It was no surprise, then, when the choice came, to hear Father Meyer, without a moment's hesitation, say, "I'll stay to care for the people."

A wiry young priest, who refused to be outdone in generosity, then said that he also would stay. And in spite of Father Meyer's protests, Father Hessler remained to gamble on an uncertain future. The two waved farewell to the other Americans, who rode away to freedom.

The unique Father Meyer, whose amazing personality keeps you chuckling, and whose energies and ability keep you marveling, is the storyteller's dream. And so I tell of him first.

Father Meyer is a planner and a doer. In the confines of internment, his active mind was piqued by the challenge, and he made even the dirt, the rock, and the salt ocean serve in the struggle to keep alive. When there was no salt to be had, he got permission to haul water from the sea, and the internees cooked their food with sea water for salt flavor.

For Those Less Strong

LONG AGO he had learned to turn the soil in Iowa almost as soon as he learned to walk, and so now he swung the spade vehemently into stubborn gravel to prepare it for the planting of vegetables. It was perhaps by growing up on the farm, where one carries in the newborn lamb or calf or foal, that the Meyer boy developed a sort of maternal instinct and thoughtfulness for the weak. His thoughts were for those less strong, when his big arm muscles rippled under the skin as he swung

the spade and the hoe, terracing the mountainside into gardens. Then he turned over the prepared plots to those who were too weak or sick for heavy work.

His six-by-twelve cubicle was a chemical laboratory filled with bottles of brews, cultures, and mysterious mixtures. When the internees got flour, they thought of making bread, but there was no yeast to be had. The missionary knew that Chinese farmers make yeast from sweet potatoes, so, with all the zest of Edison or Pasteur, he mixed the sweet potatoes with different elements until finally he had a bubbling, milky yeast. News of his discovery spread, and people flocked to get some of his magic potion that made bread rise.

Barnyard Symphony

IN THE EARLY DAYS, the camp diet included almost no green vegetables. But there was an alfalfa field near by. As a farm boy, Father Meyer had learned that alfalfa has many times the food value of hay. So the priest decided to try this wonder fodder as a vegetable. Pulling off the tender shoots, he cooked them as greens and as the basis for soup. After a few meals of it, when his intimate friends sat around the table, they formed a barnyard symphony: one would moo, one neigh, and one grunt. But the experimenter took the ribbing good-naturedly, for he saw that the jokers ate all that was set before them.

Calcium was lacking in the diet, so Father Meyer mixed slack lime with water and when it settled the internees drank the water. They also burned old bones and ate the powder. Many, however, would not become disciples of the alchemist; they watched with foreboding, wondering when the concoctions would double up the partakers in death agonies.

Father Meyer had studied a great deal

of medicine during twenty years of running mission dispensaries. When the people in the camp complained of indigestion, he administered the simple but effective remedy of a dose of charcoal, which he took from the fire. But the harsh fare and nervousness were giving many people acid stomach, and he had no cure at hand for that. Digging in the hill one day, he ran into layers of the white clay called kaolin.

"Why, that's alkaline!" he exclaimed. His eyes brightened with an idea as he wet his fingers and rubbed the kaolin across them.

"Penicillin works where the sulphas fail; maybe kaolin will work where charcoal fails," he thought as he started home with a handful of clay.

He had an acid stomach himself, so he mixed the clay with water and swallowed it. The effects were so marvelous in stopping the heartburn that before long the news of a wonder-working drug flashed through the camp. The resulting rush was like that to a gold mine! A doctor in the camp came like Nicodemus in the night, to tell the priest he found the kaolin strangely effective.

Father Meyer's friends joked about the remedy. They said: "He got us to eat grass, and now we are eating dirt. We're worms, that's all!"

When Christmas was near, Father Meyer set out to brighten the jaded spirits of the people so long hedged in by barbed wire and guards. He wrote a Christmas play, and selected and trained the actors for the big show. The shepherds' cloaks

he made from burlap bags; but for the angels' robes, he went around borrowing silk nightgowns from the ladies.

The people needed more than mental relaxation; hunger gnawed, and their tongues craved the taste of sweets. The camp had no yeast, no flour, no fruit, and no fats, but the shortage did not phase the son of pioneers who had taken on the wilfulness barehanded.

Father Meyer began planning and hustling; an idea was growing like leaven in his mind. He took a handful of rice, covered it with water, and then dropped in some precious brown sugar to feed the yeast which he hoped would be born. He watched his secret project like an atom-splitting scientist. Soon little bubbles started to rise, and the mixture gave off a pungent smell. The yeast was



Father Hessler, internec

available, and success had crowned the first stage of the experiment. He was on the right track!

Then the missionary's big, calloused hands turned the stone mill for hours, grinding rice into flour. For weeks he had begged people who received any boxes from friends outside, to save the orange and tangerine peels. He dried them in the sun, while onlookers watched his mysterious actions. Pomelo peels had also been gathered, and he made a store of candied or sugared pomelo peels to supply the additional citrus fruit.

He got wash tubs for the batter and made a wooden paddle to mix it. Then into the tubs went the yeast, the rice flour, the precious brown sugar, the orange and

tangerine peels ground up for flavor, the candied pomelo to make a fruity munching. Powdered egg yolk bought from the Japanese canteen was poured in to supply the fat for shortening. A trial loaf was baked for tasting; then small additions were dumped into the batter to make the flavor just right. Dozens of bread tins were filled and shoved into the ovens, to make one hundred and twenty pounds of fruitcake for the Christmas social!

The Meyer mixture rose to fill each tin, and came out looking like the traditional dessert. But the test is in the tasting. After the Christmas play, the fruitcake was cut and served to more than five hundred people who attended, and every crumb was devoured!

Bewildered women asked: "Where did he get the flour?" "Where did he get the shortening, and the delicious fruit?" "How did he —?"

One man gave a little speech to close the party. He said: "After many years, the faith of my childhood has returned — there is a Santa Claus after all! He is Father Meyer."

Doing All Things

WHEN THE PEOPLE got to know Father Meyer, they were surprised at nothing they found him doing. Sick people in the garage that was used as a hospital complained that the place was stuffy. He went and got hammer, saw, and chisel, knocked a hole in the wall, and put in a window the same day. When the authorities saw the *fait accompli* for which there was no permission, they shrugged their shoulders as much as to say, "It is that Meyer priest again, but he is incorrigible."

His creative bent preferred to play with hammer and saw rather than tennis rackets and ball bats, even in boyhood. And so in the camp it was not surprising

to see him with mortar and trowel, making some new kind of stove or baking oven. But it was annoying when he got new ideas in the middle of the night and started pounding and sawing. At such times, a chorus of infuriated yells would send him back to bed.

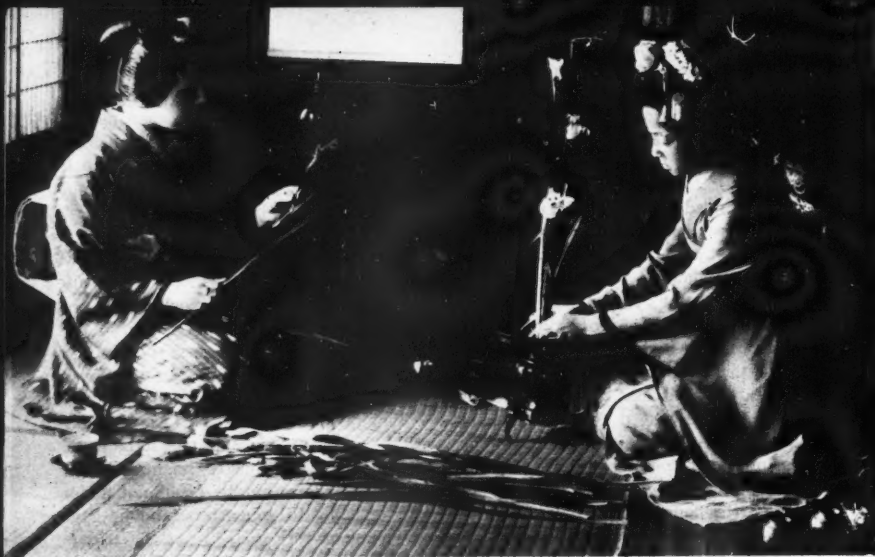
Teacher and Organizer

IN ADDITION to the activities already described, Father Meyer held classes in Chinese daily; he taught children in the school; he organized discussion clubs and Catholic Action societies. But the chink in his armor was teaching children and young people. Because of his wide reading and deep study, he could talk to bankers, politicians, economists, scientists, and world planners; but he could not adapt his teaching to youngsters, and he gave that line of work up.

The war ended, and Father Meyer slipped away into Hong Kong. He is a factual man who disdains sentiment; he preferred to avoid the gratitude people were already starting to pour out to him. Besides, the camp task was done, and he wished to hurry on to other work.

In a few weeks he had rented a building, moved partitions, splashed paint, got the elevator running, and started a Catholic canteen for the Allied service men, who were arriving. In the forenoon he hides himself away, writing doctrine books.

No batter hits for a thousand; and of course many of this missionary's rapid-fire ideas are quixotic, and could be carried out only by men like himself. You always admire him, you sometimes laugh at him, you are often provoked at him, you are foolish to try to keep pace with him. But when all is said and done, you yearn for a spark of that fire which drives him on to accomplish such great things for God and mankind.



Study of flower arrangement (above) was formerly considered the most important task of cultured women. Now girls of Japanese families study professions (below), using their new-found opportunities to elevate womanhood.



Women of Japan

by MARTIN O'MOORE

A FEW years before World War II, some American Girl Scouts were riding in a Tokyo street car. They were Niseis—American citizens born, in California, of Japanese parents—and were touring Japan. As the street car rounded a corner, one of the girls, hanging to a strap, accidentally bumped a well-dressed man beside her. Instantly he struck the girl across the face with a folded newspaper.

As a Japanese of the military caste, that man looked down on all women, but especially on young ones who would presume to wear the modern garb of the Scouts. The incident caused little comment in the trolley car. The girl realized that it would be useless to summon a policeman, for the Japanese code of that day upheld the pagan idea that woman has no rights.

For many generations, the Japanese woman has been obliged to bow respectfully to her husband, to walk three paces behind him on the street, to carry heavy bundles while he strode unencumbered, to serve his meals, and give him the best while reserving perhaps, the scraps for herself.

However, the Japanese have not been the only people to place woman in the position of a serf. That attitude always has been found among pagans, including South Sea Islanders and Anglo-Saxons before they had heard of Christianity.

Throughout the centuries it has been the Catholic Church that has liberated womanhood. Preaching the dignity and rights of all persons, the Church has held up the Blessed Virgin Mary as the model for women. Christ's religion always has pointed to the love and honor manifested by

the Master toward His Mother and to Mary and Martha.

In Europe the great age of chivalry came with the acceptance of Catholicism, as the crudities of paganism gave way to the gallantry of Christianity. Today in countries where there are millions of non-believers, even atheists conduct themselves according to Christian standards, so that their women may be said to enjoy the privileges of a reflected Christianity. Obviously, it always has been found that, as godlessness increases, so does the regard for women decrease.

In Japan the Catholics were the ones who stressed the rights of women, in spite of the fact that the Church did not agree with those crusaders for modernism who scoffed at the age-old Japanese axiom, "Obedience and modesty are essential virtues of the Japanese woman."

The Church preferred to define obedience to God and His laws, and distinguish that obedience from the subservience of slaves. Through the preaching of the virtue of purity, with its resultant modesty, Christianity tried to elevate the Japanese woman to a position commensurate with the sacredness of motherhood and make her a partner-in-life rather than a servant of her husband.

One reason that Catholicism did not flourish more in Japan before the war was the fact that the military clique objected to any movement which tended to make womanhood more important. The militarists knew that women hate war. They realized that, by the oppression of women, the outcry of mothers could be prevented, so that sons might be sacrificed more



Fr. Mackesy with a group of orphans

easily in battle. Consequently, women were treated as nothing more than chattels in the pagan homes.

Then the war came, and with it the need of utilizing every pair of hands in the Japanese Empire. Women emerged from the seclusion of their homes. They went into the factories, they mixed with other women and, when necessary, they worked beside men. They learned trades; they entered professions. They organized patriotic movements with the approval of the government, and actually some made public speeches to back up the government policy.

Apparently, the contribution of these women to the war effort is realized by the present leaders. Now that the military group is in disgrace, the Shidehara Cabinet recently was able to give the voting franchise to the Japanese women. Observers of the trends in Japan must re-

member that this startling innovation in Nipponese life does not mean that woman will immediately take her rightful place in the islands of the North Pacific. It will be a long, slow process as the present generation learns to take advantage of the new order. The hope of womanhood lies in the youngsters who will be ready to vote in twelve or fifteen years from now.

If the Catholic Church is able to provide sufficient numbers of priests and Sisters, those children can be trained according to Christian principles, to make use of their new-found opportunities. The Church will be the good teacher to warn against abuse of the novel privileges, to show that liberty should not become license, and that freedom from parent-imposed marriages does not mean the overthrow of filial respect.

It is good that officialdom has put its sanction on the dignity of woman. In consequence, Catholic doctrine will not hereafter seem subversive, as it once seemed to those who believed in oppressing the so-called weaker sex.

However, one obstacle to the emancipation of women in Japan may come from the women themselves. If they are led to believe, by some self-appointed leaders, that the new order requires promiscuous mingling with men, swaggering into cocktail lounges, or dressing in Hollywood style, they may fear for the moral welfare of their sex and may conclude that the only alternative is a return to their former feudal seclusion. There are also other phases of "modernism" which Japanese women do not like: because the wives are good mothers, neither birth control nor divorce has been able to take hold.

Today, no group of women is more suited for the acceptance of the Catholic way of life. Woman's new position in Japan is a challenge as well as an opportunity, for those who teach Christianity.

Plum County Reports

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

Changing China is changing place names. Kaying becomes Meihsien, or Plum County, in honor of the fragrant national flower of China.

IN SUBMITTING the Annual Report to Maryknoll this year, I have no doubt but that the keynote should be thanks: thanks to God for His special care of the Meihsien Mission during the entire war; and thanks to Maryknoll for the special, characteristic, able, close contact that you managed to keep with us throughout the war. That contact included financial backing, which kept us from serious want. I do not suppose that any other Society supplied such constant aid, moral or material, to its personnel.

I was chairman of the Meihsien Branch of the Kwangtung International Relief Committee, and Sister Joan Marie was volunteer secretary and bookkeeper. We administered relief in twelve stations, at a cost of only .019 on the dollar for administrative salaries and wages of cooks and helpers. This Relief Branch gave out about 2,000,000 meals, as well as clothing and some medical and travel expenses.

Thanks to the hard-working co-operation of our priests in eight stations, and of Lutheran and Baptist ministers in four stations, we relieved about 5,000 persons daily. As we were scrupulously neutral religiously in all twelve committees, the administration of relief had no direct bearing on our missionary activities; but of course it earned the good will of the community, as well as of the refugees.

Clothes became a problem when our old

garments were literally threadbare. Fortunately, fashion plates became obsolete, and we wore whatever we had, as did everyone else.

The first news of victory immediately affected the market: foodstuffs dropped about 20%; clothes dropped about 60% of the price quoted a week earlier. Merchants, who had been reluctant to sell cloth formerly, immediately arranged "Victory Sales" at less than half price, in the effort to unload stock before departing to reopen their original shops in hitherto-occupied areas.

As Meihsien is an educational center, the schools went into a tail spin at the prospect of returning to Canton and Hong Kong. Four or five colleges immediately

Her needy generation looks to America



prepared to evacuate, as did some middle schools, also. This means that from 5,000 to 10,000 students will give up their boarding houses; about a thousand land-ladies will lose boarders; hundreds of truck gardens that sold to the student trade, as well as hundreds of shops that specialized in school equipment and clothing, will be suddenly without customers. But every one is so pleased at the prospect of peace that the sting of a business lull is absent.

Crowded Area

LITERALLY thousands of Chinese are booking future passage to the South Seas. This Meih sien region used to export 70,000 emigrants annually. During the war years, prospective emigrants have been bottled up in this crowded area, which became even more crowded with refugees. This region had never produced sufficient rice even in normal times, and the inhabitants had always depended on remittances from their relatives in the South Seas.

Evangelization plans for the coming

year contemplate the resumption of catechumenates, such as our missions conducted in the past. The pros and cons of the catechumenate system have been demonstrated and tested during the fallow years: it provides a more solid instruction than is possible otherwise; the new converts enter thoroughly into parish life, as their month's association with the priest, Sisters, and old Catholics, while they are studying at the church, teaches them how to live without clannishness and superstition. A dozen comparisons with other forms of convert-making proves that the catechumenate system is superior, provided it is helped by preliminary selection of candidates and later interested supervision on the part of the pastor.

New China Plans

MOST of the weakness of this plan results from defect in either of these requisites; hence, we plan future catechumenates only where we foresee that the conditions will be fulfilled. During the war years, we

Meih sien refugees received food and medical care in twelve relief centers



held several small catechumenates in places where no expenses were incurred except the salary of the catechist. Some will now be possible in other places, at little expense; but aid will be needed for the majority of the catechumenates, conducted for gatherings of isolated converts from widely scattered homes.

Turn to America

I CANNOT HELP suggesting that, as new China will turn to the United States for examples, with more emphasis than heretofore on engineering projects, co-operatives, social Westernization, Western music and entertainments, and the whole gamut of modern American city life, it might pay us to emphasize somewhat that phase of education among our seminarians. Much good can be accomplished by priests equipped for handling social service, industrial problems, and youth service. Priests in this region, at least, are asked to head all sorts of movements, backed by serious men in business and in government, when the priests are qualified to take the lead. There is an increasing tendency to inquire what degrees a priest has, what he majored in, and so forth.

Any priest who can play the piano, violin, or other instrument, speedily acquires a reputation; any priest who genuinely knows the ins-and-outs of radio, electrical equipment, and such, soon finds himself well known within a hundred-mile radius. Our young priests have a big asset in their ability at games, which draws the youngsters to them; but ability in the sciences and arts would attract young men from eighteen to thirty-five, which is the weak age so far as the Church in China is concerned.

I do not mean to exaggerate the importance of these qualifications. Of course the right type of priest can "read up" on

any matter sufficiently to give adequate guidance; but if he can claim some prior knowledge and training in a special subject, the resulting "face" would more than offset the time put in on acquiring the specialty.

In recent years, the Government has asked us to conduct two industrial schools. But I had to decline both offers because our priests were not equipped to undertake such work. We had requests to design a middle school, a magistrate's office, two bridges; our advice was sought in laying out a public park and playground; we have headed a committee on an irrigation project, and were asked to head another of the same sort. Numerous requests have been made for missionaries to start musical bands or orchestras that would be in demand on hundreds of occasions. We have been asked for information about starting ice factories, electrical plants, water works; and some inquiring organizations would readily subsidize such plants under competent advice. We did help to organize the Fire Brigade with modern equipment!

I mention these requests at random merely to show the trend of the times. But I confidently predict that, with the establishment of peace, we shall resume our successful mission works with less effort than heretofore, and with perhaps greater results.

PRAYERS, PLEASE

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following special requests for prayers. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll?

<i>Persons sick</i>	<i>3,369</i>
<i>Persons deceased</i>	<i>2,450</i>
<i>Persons in the services</i>	<i>1,233</i>
<i>Other special intentions.</i>	<i>3,818</i>

GREENHORN

by FRANCIS REBOL



A LITTLE MORE than six years ago, my mother, my brothers, and I arrived in New York, from Smartno, Yugoslavia. I had studied and learned much about the great city, but, much as I should have liked to see the place, I was not able to, for none of us could speak a word of English to ask our way about. After waiting for a few hours at the dock, we were put on a train bound for Cleveland. There my father met us and took us to our new home.

School started a month later, and I began to learn English. I was put in the fifth grade for the first half year; for the second semester, I joined my elder brothers in the sixth grade. There I was, an utter "greenhorn." One day the bell rang for a fifteen-minute recess; everyone went out of the room, and so did I. But I didn't stop outside; I went straight home. The next day I found out that I had gone home too soon!

A few days later, we had a free day, but I didn't know it. The Sister, of course, had told me that there would be a "free

day tomorrow." Strangely enough, I knew what a "free day" was, but I couldn't figure out what "tomorrow" meant. I went to school just the same; as the door was locked, I sat on the steps, and stayed there for a long time. Then I became hungry, ate my lunch, and returned home. I was a little angry because I thought that everybody else had overslept, and so I decided that I would sleep a little longer the following morning!

One day, when I was on the way home from school, our next-door neighbor called me and asked me to go to the drugstore and buy a package of cigarettes with an odd name, but he used the brand name only. Little did I realize that he meant cigarettes. I must have repeated the trade name to myself at least ten times, and every time some new variation of pronunciation was added.

Upon entering the drugstore, I saw a Negro waiting on the customers. I had never seen dark-skinned men before I came to this country. By the time my turn came, I forgot what I wanted to buy.

The clerk looked at me for a while and tried to figure out what I had said. I repeated the same noises; the results were no better. Then the clerk handed me a package.

I hurried with it to the waiting neighbor. Of course, I was proud because it was the first purchase I had made in America. The package was opened, and there (to my satisfaction and my neighbor's chagrin) was a toothbrush!

That same night my brothers and I went to church for Benediction. Since none of the servers showed up, the pastor asked us to serve. The Sister-sacristan gave each of us a cassock and surplice and, by using the universal sign language, showed us what to do.

Banged Chimes

I HAD served Benediction before, but I soon learned that in the United States the ceremonies are somewhat different. As soon as the priest began to sing the prayers after the "*Tantum Ergo*," my brother began to ring the bell. I picked up a small wooden hammer and started to bang on the chimes.

The priest said, "Stop that!" but I thought that he said, "Louder!" With all my might, I banged on those little chimes until the priest took the wooden hammer out of my hands. After that, everything was in perfect order.

After Benediction we all went to a nearby candy store for some ice cream. In the corner we spied a slot machine. Of course, we didn't know the numerals in English, and so we just looked on. We watched people putting nickels in, the wheel turning, and nickels coming out.

Beginner's Luck

THEN my young brother, Tony, tried to put in some pennies, expecting to win a few nickels. He was stopped in time, and after a little persuasion, he dropped in a nickel. To his surprise, fourteen nickels poured out! After we had spent all Tony's money, we went home.

Now that I am studying to be a Maryknoll missionary, it is easy for me to picture some of our missionaries in a strange country, learning a foreign language. They probably meet the same difficulties and make the same mistakes that I made. But when I look back to the time when I was learning my second language, I laugh at my errors and wish that, when I start learning my third language, I may have as happy a time. Now that I have learned English, the Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Spanish and Indian languages should hold no terrors for me.

Two Maryknollers in Chuanchow, China, gave 10,000 cholera vaccinations to refugees during a recent month.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

I am interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary. I shall be glad to receive your free literature. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Date of birth.....
Street.....School.....
City, Zone, State.....Class.....

Catechetical Cavalcade

by DAVID I. WALSH

ON THE MORNING of May 5, 1945, a group of boys and girls came trooping noisily into the sun-drenched village of Cotoca, nestled in the hills of central Bolivia. As their horses' hoofs raised echoes in the central plaza of the tiny town, Father August Kircher and myself hurried to the door of our little house and waved a welcoming greeting to the youngsters and the few adults who accompanied them.

We were happy that bright May morning. The boys and girls pouring into the plaza before the church were the advance guard of a group of fifty-odd children from the surrounding territory, children who were to spend eight solid days at the central mission station of Cotoca, to take a concentrated course in catechism.

On the eighth day, the members of that first group would receive their First Holy Communion, and their places in this unique school of catechism would then be occupied by another group. And so it would continue until, by June 3, over two hundred would have been instructed in the rudiments of their Faith and have received their Saviour for the first time in their lives.

The need of a thorough grounding of the children in catechism had been confronting us ever since we began work in this tremendously large mission, in the fall of 1942. Few of the adults knew more than the basic essentials of their Faith; and the children knew less. Most of the parishioners could not make the Sign of the Cross; the



Father Moeschler explains the Rosary

truths about sacraments and the Mass were a closed book to them.

Not long ago, a runner arrived at the mission to say that a man lay dying in one of the distant villages. I hurried there as fast as my horse would carry me, but arrived two hours after the sick man had passed into eternity. When I asked the

people if anyone had prayed with the dying man as he was breathing his last, the answer was an unhappy negative. This brought home a lesson to those of that particular area. Today, in that vicinity, we count more than twenty young men and women who are instructed to call the priest in good time, and to pray with the dying person until the priest arrives. This is one of the happy results of the catechetical school.

Invasion

WHEN that spearhead of the first group of young people thundered into Cotoca on the morning of May 5, we were prepared for the juvenile invasion. Time and labor had been expended in securing the needed permissions from parents and school authorities. Two houses had been obtained for the children's living quarters; large quantities of flour, sugar, meat, rice, and yuka had been stored in the larder; scores of cups and plates (made and baked by hand, from Cotoca's own mud) had been purchased. All in all, a thousand and one details had been thought out and attended to.

Most important of all, we had obtained the needed services of two zealous helpers, Mother Rose and Sister Joseph of a Spanish missionary congregation. To these two Sisters belongs the lion's share of the credit for the successful work done during the month of May at Cotoca. They taught catechism to the children of Cotoca and to the children of the *campo*; they gave doctrinal instruction for First Holy Communion to more than ten adults; they visited homes, and were in constant contact with young and old alike. For the big feasts, the Sisters took care of the sanctuary; they taught hymns to the children and adults; and they even found time to cook a few meals and some extra

cakes. The Sisters' work day began after Mass in the morning, and ended about nine o'clock at night. Their presence in town gave a new impetus and spirit to the children, to the devout adults who kneel up in front, and even to the "sharpshooters" at the back of the church.

Each child remained at the catechetical school for eight days, receiving thirty-five hours of instruction. The youngsters worked hard and prayed hard. Like children the world over, they played hard, too: the boys were active on the soccer field; the girls engaged in volley ball, jumping rope, and a South American version of the familiar game of "jacks."

When the work of each week was under way, we missionaries visited the busy classes every day. Occasionally we dropped in on the children at meal times to have an official "taste" of the plain but plentiful food, and to make sure that it was good. At night, after evening prayers, we always visited the boys and told several stories, concluding with a prayer and a blessing. This conclusion held them a few minutes in a serious mood; but once they got outside the door — well, you know boys!

Learn to Teach Others

OCCASIONALLY there was the emergency of a slight illness, but the Sisters and their women helpers kept the specter of ill health at a distance. May is a cold month in Bolivia, and some of the children were poorly equipped with blankets. This difficulty was solved by requisitioning odds and ends of carpets.

All the expenses for teaching the Faith to these children of Bolivia were paid for by catechetical funds sent to the pastor, Father Kircher, by Maryknoll. The total cost per child was \$1.57 in American money; truly an insignificant sum when one considers the far-reaching results of

the undertaking. The results promise to be of incalculable value.

The germ of a solid, practical Catholic faith was implanted in these children — a germ which not only will grow in them, but will spread among their families and neighbors. We looked on these children as young people who had come, with hope and eagerness, to possess a deeper knowledge of a spiritual treasure, not only for themselves but also for others. That was it! They in turn would teach others — would share with others, by word and example, that treasure.

The results began to be seen even before the month was over. Many of those who made their First Holy Communion in the first weeks of the course, returned to receive the sacraments on the Feast of Corpus Christi and on the closing day, June 3. Some boys and girls brought with them older brothers and sisters to receive

the sacraments. We know of eight homes where such "young apostles" returned and encouraged others in the families to share their treasure.

The people in the environs of Cotoca are all Catholics, but in the majority of cases they are badly in need of instruction. For many who attended the catechetical course, the experience included their first acquaintance with the Mass, Rosary, Benediction, liturgical ceremonies, processions, hymns. For the majority, the experience provided their first contact with priests and Sisters, and the opportunity to really know those spiritual guides. For all, it climaxed in their first reception of Christ. God grant that the apostles of the Catechetical Cavalcade of 1946 may spread out and take Christ to others!

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The Village of True Peace

by THOMAS V. KIERNAN

THE VILLAGE OF TRUE PEACE," said the mission pastor to his newly arrived assistant, "is one of my real consolations. You will find it interesting and worth the long trek to the foot of those mountains over there. They are thirty miles away."

The young missionary, with his catechist and baggage carrier, set out for the Village of True Peace on one of his first mission trips. He rather suspected that the pastor had selected that Christian settlement as much for his curate's good as for that of the Catholics there: it would probably be an easy station — to start him off in good spirits for the more difficult ones on his list. However, he was not prepared for the unusual facts of the case, and years later he frequently recalled the deep and lasting impression that first trip made upon him.

Much to his surprise, the young missionary found the Village of True Peace a veritable ruin, the graveyard of a former large and prosperous village. Even then, after over half the families had moved away, one could see that it must house several hundred souls.

Cheerful Welcome

BUT what housing! The homes of the entire village had once been built of solid brick and stone, roofed with real tiles, and its alleys had been paved with stone. But on the day of the missionary's arrival, the inhabitants seemed to cower among fallen walls, under thatched roofs that were supported by uncertain bamboo beams.

The missionary was greeted by the familiar scrolls of religious sentiments, pasted on each side of the openings which

served as doors into the ruins. The children and oldsters met him where the gate must once have been in the broken village wall. They were cheerful and cordial. They conducted him to the only intact building in the village, the combination chapel-and-school. The first sight told the visitor that it once had been a pagan shrine. His curiosity was aroused. He decided to unearth the story it concealed, as he would be several days in the village and many opportunities to inquire would be available.

Famed for Wealth

THE revelation came sooner and more spontaneously than he had expected. The evening services — night prayers, the sermon, and confessions — were finished; the mothers herded the children off to bed; and the men folks gathered around the missionary for a final smoke and chat. Elder Brother, the chief Christian and obviously the head man of the village, took the lead in everything. He was over eighty, shrunken and shriveled, with scanty white hair and beard. He was evidently concerned over the impressions that would be received by the young missionary on his first visit.

"This village, Father," the old man began, "was not always named True Peace, nor was it always so poor. Yet in our poverty we are happier than the people were when I was young and our village was famed for its wealth. In those days it was called Southern Peace. It is the oldest village in the county, and it gave its name to the county. Our ancestors came here from Canton, perhaps a thousand years ago. They were wealthy officials. Our old

family records are now in the City Hall. This whole fruitful plain was their domain. For generations, our village produced the mandarins, the scholars, and the military leaders. To belong to this village, meant the fullness of earthly peace.

"In the last days of the Manchu Dynasty, before the Republic was founded, our countryside, like the rest of the nation, was in turmoil. Misgovernment had brought the province to poverty, exorbitant taxation, banditry, and general disorder. Of all the villages of the county, ours kept its traditional way almost to the last. We were strong and influential enough to carry on in rustic contentment, despite greedy officials and the bandits in the mountains. Our village's record of probity was such that no one could accuse us. We were ever faithful to our village gods, and this chapel was once their village shrine. It is now the house of the True God.

"When the Manchus were driven from Peking, many unworthy men, some former bandit chieftains, seized control of the county. Every market, town, and village paid them tribute; all but ours.

Village Captured

"ONE day the mandarin arrived with a thousand soldiers. That was over twenty years ago. As village leader, I confronted the mandarin in this very spot and demanded that he withdraw. With malicious glee, he had the charges read to us. He claimed that one of our young men had been captured with a gang of brigands, and that, he said, was proof that our village was naught but a bandit den. Hence our lands, our houses, our possessions, and our very lives were forfeit.

"The captive was brought forth, and we recognized him as one of the village boys who had run away from home ten years before to join the army. It was neither

legal nor traditional to hold one man's crimes against the whole village. Before the days of the Republic, punishment might have been exacted from the man's immediate family; but the Republic was supposed to have corrected such abuses. However, that excuse was all the mandarin needed, along with his superior force, to rob us of everything — we were the only village still worth despoiling.

Torture

"THE mandarin then pronounced sentence. He ordered the soldiers to seize all our household goods, our stores of food, our poultry and cattle. The soldiers set fire to all the houses, except the shrine, which they spared. I was put to the torture until my family produced the deeds to our lands, and the deeds were then burned in our presence. Some of our hotheaded young men tried to resist, and ten were executed on the spot. Our women and children fled the village in panic; our men took to the hills. That night we elders followed them and watched the completion of the ruin from a distance.

"For weeks the soldiers remained near by, effectively preventing us from salvaging anything. We had only the clothes we wore. The countryside, of course, learned of our trouble. But many villages refused to give any of us shelter, for fear that they, too, would be included in the mandarin's wrath.

"Our kindest neighbors turned out to be the much-despised Catholics, on whom we had looked with suspicion and disdain for many years. They were very poor, but they took us in and fed us. They sent for the priest, who is now our pastor. He immediately organized his Catholic families to give us food and shelter, and he himself bought the supplies. I believe this was the first time in the long history of our

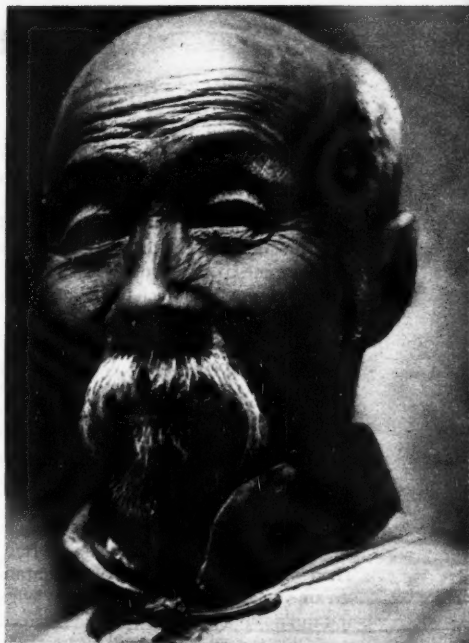
famous clan that we had ever had to accept charity. Where we might well have expected scant concern, we found true brotherly love — among the poor Catholics and their mission priest.

"We soon learned that the mandarin sold our fields to his henchmen. We had nothing on which to live. After a few weeks, the priest took several of us elders to the provincial capital, and there he pleaded our case. However, the final judgment was for the most part against us: the mandarin was ordered to allow us to return and rebuild our village as best we could from the ruins, but that was all the satisfaction we received. The priest was not discouraged; he interviewed the new owners of our land and got them to allow us to cultivate some of our fields as tenants — and that is our position now.

"Where once we had been wealthy landowners, we were reduced to the state of the poorest of the poor. The Father bought us seed for our crops, and also enough farm implements and work animals. He sustained us until the following harvest. From then on, we labored to survive. Many in our families died because of the hardships; many others moved away, especially the young, unattached men. Some of the men joined the army, and others became coolies in the larger towns and cities.

"Never once did the Catholics or the priest use our adversity to make converts of us. Their example was enough. We borrowed doctrinal books from our Catholic friends, and we asked questions. Within two years of our catastrophe, those who remained in the village had all been baptized. God, no doubt, used our suffering to compensate for the sins of our ancestors and to show us the emptiness of worldly possessions.

"With true faith, came true peace. We



Elder Brother numbered 80 summers

are content to rely on the providence of God. Although in the early years our clan was hated and envied by our neighbors, now we are one with them. We know now how to live as good men should live. We have forgiven our oppressors. We have true peace. That is why we changed the name of our village from Southern Peace to True Peace."

Prayer for Workers

O Lord Jesus Christ, who, though God, didst not disdain to labor with Thy hands, grant, we beseech Thee, that our labors may be fructified by that same pure love of God which ever animated Thee.

Don't Push!

by JOHN M. MARTIN

WE HAD been traveling by mule for days over the mountains of Central America and were anxious to get back to the cool interior of our adobe house. That modest dwelling is headquarters for all of us who are scattered through the Indian villages some six days from civilization — or rather, from that which today, unblushingly, is called civilization.

The granite canyons had been unbearably hot. By comparison, the scorching sand on the edge of the great river proved pleasant. The mules were flecked with foamy sweat and seemed to sense the wisdom of hurrying on to the ferry, where they would be able to swim across the stream and leave discomfort behind.

As we swung around a great boulder in the sand, we heard the song of a waterfall. Then we saw a clear, cool mountain stream, which spilled over a high ledge and ran down a granite depression shaped much like the metal scoop of a shovel. At the foot of this unusual waterfall was a pool some five feet in depth.

"Salud!"

THE SIGHT of the tantalizing stream pouring over the ledge was too much for one whose canteen was half full of insipid, warm water. I dismounted and scrambled up the rocks to fill my metal bottle with the precious fluid. But before drinking, I held the cup high and smilingly toasted the health of my companions below with a hearty "Salud!"

Immediately I proceeded to lose my footing and go sliding down the slippery chute — into the convenient pool at the bottom of the shiny slide! There I stood,

up to my neck in water, while my Indian guide rolled on the ground with laughter.

"Stop your roaring," I said, a bit piqued, perhaps, "and pull me up out of this bath." Still giggling, the Indian hauled me out, only to resume his merry prostration as I removed my waterlogged clothing and donned dry garments from my bag.

It was noon by the time we arrived at the ferry landing. To our dismay, we could see the canoe, which had been carved out of a huge tree trunk, pulled high on the opposite shore.

Missed the Ferry

"Hi, ho, Pedro!" we called several times. But there was no answer.

Finally a woman came out of a cabin and announced that Pedro had already ferried several groups of travelers and, about a half hour earlier, had left for the day. My little mishap at the waterfall had caused us to miss the ferryman. There was nothing to do but to push on some miles along the shore, to the next ferry.

There, as we prepared to descend to the water's edge, a man who had been herding cows near by hurried up to us.

"Please wait!" he cried, as he saw us throw our saddles into the huge canoe. "There is a boy dying, a short distance from here. For charity's sake, please anoint him!"

Of course we hurried to the lad. His groans could be heard outside the thatched hut, and we found him to be in great agony, with a high fever. The symptoms seemed to indicate appendicitis. As soon as Extreme Unction was administered the lad stopped moaning and seemed at ease—

a not-unusual effect of this sacrament.

I learned that the youth's father was dead and that word had been sent, the previous day, to his mother in a neighboring town. After we had done all we could, we went back to the ferry. We crossed to the opposite shore, with our mules swimming beside the canoe. Shortly after resuming our journey by saddle, we came upon a woman kneeling in a clump of bushes. When she saw us, she jumped to her feet and wiped her eyes with an apron. Evidently she had been crying.

The woman was carrying an orange crate, and in it we saw food and clothes. She answered our "Adios" with a murmured reply, and went on.

That night we camped on a slope near grass fields where the mules could graze. The man who had been herding cattle caught up with us and decided to remain. Seated at the campfire, he asked if we remembered the crying woman.

"She was the mother of the dying boy you anointed," the herder said. "She knew

he was seriously ill, so all along the way she prayed that her son might not die without the Last Sacraments. She had no idea there were priests within a hundred kilometers of these mountains, but she kept asking the Blessed Virgin to send a priest to her son — somehow.

"Because of the riding clothes you wore, the boy's mother did not know that you were priests. When I met her later, and told her who you were, and that you had just given her son the holy anointing, she knew that the Little Virgin had answered her petition."

We looked at one another significantly. For we recalled that the Indians, who are fond of doll-like figures of the Blessed Mother, often address her by the affectionate term, *Virgencita* — Little Virgin.

"The Little Virgin caused us to miss that first ferry and so sent us to the sick boy," said an Indian in my party, solemnly.

"Thank you, Little Virgin," I thought, "for the privilege of working with you. But next time, please don't push!"

SISTER MARY CLARE

TO THE MERCIFUL ARMS OF GOD, another Maryknoller has winged her way.— Sister Mary Clare Miltenberger, who died at the Sisters' Motherhouse on February 7, after several months of serious illness.

Born in West Virginia, early transplanted to Maryland, where she finished her education, she found her work as a teacher in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There, too, she became actively interested in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The urge of her world-wide heart found expression in the establishment of the Maria Mission Circle, of which she was the General Secretary for seven years, and which, under the guidance of the diocesan authorities, brought Pittsburgh to the front in foreign-mission endeavor.



Sister Mary Clare

Here at Maryknoll, where she entered in 1920, Sister Mary Clare gave the same unmeasured devotion that had already marked her zeal for souls in the world. This devotion was evident in her work for the Japanese in Los Angeles, for the youth of Hawaii, and later in various departments of THE FIELD AFAR. She will always be remembered as one who went about her tasks quietly, generously, selflessly, and with superabounding, abiding charity. May her lovely soul rest in peace!

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



Cause of Our Joy

IT IS ALWAYS May at Maryknoll. Every day in the year, the praise of Mary Immaculate is sounded in the hearts and on the lips of everybody on our hilltop. It is pleasant to think of the prayers that go up and the blessings that come down. Both contribute much to our peace. Her shrine is the beauty spot of our compound. Her image graces many corners of our corridors. Most of our flowers find their way to her feet. We live under her eye and think of her as an abiding presence in our community. The joy we feel in her surpassing prerogatives as the Mother of God is more to us than all riches, and it is a joy that we carry through life and out over the mission fields of all the world, for nobody can take it from us in any place at any time. It is our birthright from our cradles. It is a possession of our missionaries. It accompanies them in their exile. It comforts them in their isolation. It nerves their campaigns. It soothes their sorrows. It can make the poorest mission village appear as an antechamber of heaven. It can make the bare walls of a concentration camp shine like the sun. It can fashion a silver lining for any cloud. It will keep us happy forever to know that God had a human Mother who was worthy to be the tabernacle of His infinite sanctity, and that He has given her to His adopted children for their own.

Maytime

IT IS ALWAYS MAY at Maryknoll, but it is not always springtime on the banks of the Hudson. We have bleak yesterdays to put behind us in these regions. Our woods lose their glory. Our squirrels store prodigious supplies in their winter cupboards. Our bunnies have thick fur. Our birds wisely leave us. We shiver, but we know how to wait. And we welcome the end of our hibernation when hopeful eyes turn gratefully to the swelling bowers of green that suddenly billow around us in the month of May. We perceive that a gracious stage is being prepared by some hidden scene shifter, and we fancy that God is clothing the world in beauty to remind us of His Mother's garment. We know He does all this designing for mortals like us, so we conclude He does it par excellence for the one perfect representative of our mortality who was called "our tainted nature's solitary boast." We treasure every reminder — and we have many — that speaks to us in any language of her. Maryknoll is developing in close dependence upon her maternal guidance, in close attachment to the ideal of advancing the cause nearest her heart. That cause is the kingship of her Divine Son. She will second every effort that is contributed to it. She is the principal patron of the Maryknoll Society and the only patron of all the common houses, colleges, and chapels belonging to the Society all over the world.

Mary, Mother and Queen of Apostles, be with us still!

Man the Unknown

THE TRENDS of world thought change rapidly. We live in the Social Age, in which it is established that the one important factor in the world is the human race that has to live in it. Science is now viewed as the servant of mankind, not its master; it will never regain the ascendancy it once had over the minds of men. Science may gain quite an ascendancy over their mangled bodies, however, if it is not regulated by a wise philosophy. As a famous American general observed, it is time for the spirit to save the flesh. Most people realize that, if we cannot make a safe and secure world for men, there is no use in making any world at all, scientific or otherwise. This is the age of men. And that means it should be the age of God and religion, for nothing else can guarantee the security of men.

The Whole Family

WE HAVE a marvelous storehouse for our earthly habitation, and we have only made a beginning in unlocking its secrets. Yet every new discovery turns out to be a problem, instead of the blessing that God intended it to be. In the mild internationalism of the missions, we think it is time for a strong world organization, when people begin to flirt with a dangerous plaything like the atom bomb. International planning may not save the situation. It certainly cannot make all men

honest and benevolent overnight. But it can try to make them prudent. It will give us all a chance to talk about our troubles and their possible remedies, to hear the appeal of reason and religion, to bid each other good-by, at least, before we all go up in smoke. Our Parliament of Man, however, would be for all men — not merely for a few strange bedfellows among the nations who are momentarily

political friends. Nothing would be lost by bringing the whole family together, estranged as some of its members may seem. It is, of course, possible that all might still be lost by some failure to agree. But the alternative is worse. All will most certainly be lost by not even

trying to agree.

God's Peace

MARYKNOLL missionaries are moving overseas to reinforce the war-torn missions of the Far East. They go to an Orient where there is a cessation of hostilities, rather than genuine peace, and we do not delude ourselves that they go to a bed of roses. But they go in an hour of opportunity. The great convulsion is over, and the people of the Orient are looking for the path to true peace. Maryknoll missionaries will help them to find it. And the Queen of Maryknoll will aid the missionaries in the quest. It is May in their hearts as they go.

Mary, Mother of Missions, Lady of Maryknoll, make our people responsive to the call of the heathen.



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Reversal of Form:—The end of our journey brought us to the famous basilica of Copacabana. It is built of varicolored stones and is most attractive. Posted throughout the edifice in conspicuous places are signs which read, "Women are forbidden to wear hats." At first this was a little surprising; then a Padre told us that the ladies are expected to wear mantillas in church, and not the derbies they have for street use.

— *Father Christopher W. Gibbons,
of New York City,
and Puno, Peru*

Musical Interlude:—Strange music filled the little church all during my Mass. The musical instruments sounded familiar, but for the life of me I couldn't place them. After Mass I set about to discover the reason. The choir, in order to impress their American Padre, had put on a special rendition of the "Double Eagle March" played on combs!

— *Father Arthur F. Allié,
of Two Rivers, Wisconsin,
and Huekutenango, Guatemala*

Ancient Discovery:—We were all ready to start the baptism when we discovered that we had forgotten to include a ritual in the baggage. Inquiry, however, brought relief in the surprising discovery that among the relics of San Miguel was

an old ritual. The Indians lost no time in finding the book, and I soon learned that it was a relic, indeed,—as old as the Constitution of the United States, dated before George Washington was President.

Evidently it had been brought from Spain by one of the colonial missionaries. Some of the old spelling in its Spanish rubrics was rather puzzling, but the Latin forms were the same as in the latest 1946 edition. Again I was thankful that the Church does not change.

— *Father Clarence J. Wille,
of Richmond, Indiana,
and Soloma, Guatemala*

Mission Packers:—The humble builders of the mission shipping boxes might be interested to know of the many and varied uses found for them here. The Chileno pounces on the missionary when he arrives in the pueblo, and asks if the newcomer would like to sell his packing cases. But the missionary, if he is prudent, holds on to them, and they serve well when he is transferred from mission to mission. With a little adaptation, the shipping boxes make good bookcases or typewriter stands. In Curepto they are being filled with grain, wheat, beans, barley, and the fruits of the harvest.

— *Father Joseph J. Rickert,
of Brooklyn, New York,
and Curepto, Chile*



The Real Latin America

The average United States citizen, travel-folder conscious, pictures Latin America as a land of tinkling marimbas, strummed guitars, whirling rhumbas, and glittering cities. The tourist seldom sees the aspect of Latin America that the missionary sees.

A PICTURE STORY



The big cities of Latin America are few but the small towns are legion. The church, oftentimes centuries old, is usually the center of village life.



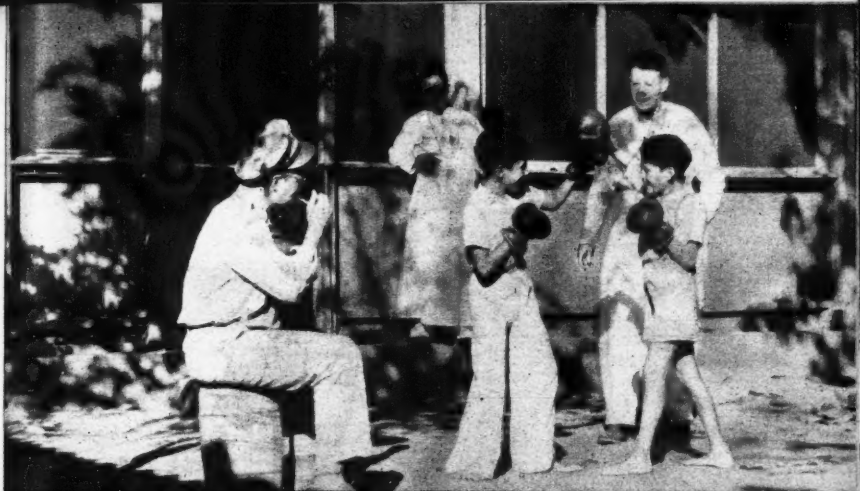
Latin-American nations are based on the family unit. Here Father Bonner visits a typical jungle home. Twelve children are in this Bolivian family.



Latin America is a land of contrasts. Automobiles roar through villages as primitive as they were when the Spanish conquistadors marched over the Andes.



The majority of Latin-American people are not too-well blessed in the goods of this world. Long, hard hours of work give little material return.



Today's youth make tomorrow's Church. Bishop Escalante and Father Collins watch Father Gallagher instruct in the manly art somewhere in Bolivia's jungle.



The Church, through its priests and Sisters, offers a broad economic program that reaches young and old, giving a new social consciousness to the people.



The infant death rate of Latin America is one of the world's highest. Maternity hospitals, child clinics, and trained personnel are badly needed there.



Maryknoll priests and Sisters have been well received in Latin America. The clergy and people request us to send more missionaries. Thousands are needed.





Two Daughters

by **SISTER MARY AUGUSTINE**

"I T IS TWO BLOCKS AWAY, on this side of the street," said Sister Titus, looking first at her little notebook and then at the number on the doors to her left.

She and Sister Celine were seeking the house of their first Chinese convert, Mei Yan, to whom they had given the name of Madeleine on that day, long ago, when she was baptized at Sacred Heart School. At the time they had thought only of giving the dear child a saint's name that sounded like the Chinese Mei Yan.

"I wonder if they will let us in," commented Sister Celine.

"John will be there," said Sister Titus, "now that he is living with Madeleine and her husband and going to the Christian Brothers' School. He will open the door for us."

By this time they had reached the house number for which they were searching. In answer to the doorbell, a small pane opened and a servant's questioning face appeared. Looking quickly through the grill, Sister Titus called to John, who was seated at the table.

"Will you let us in? We've come to see Madeleine."

After a hushed consultation within, the door was opened.

So this was where Madeleine lived! Except for the colored glass of the front doors, there was no access of light. A gate-leg table, a few pieces of wicker furniture, an old desk, a wall clock and several cheap advertisements, were all of which this room could boast. A little court beyond, no doubt, led to the kitchen and bath.

Three servantmaids stood in front of a

portiere, as if guarding the inner apartment. John lingered hesitatingly at the table. He was only ten years old and evidently frightened. One servant was holding a nine-months-old baby in her arms.



Sister Mary Augustine, of Baltimore

The Sisters remarked how much it resembled its mother.

They asked where Madeleine was, and when she would return. John said she had gone out, and he did not know when she would get back. The questions were really needless, for the Sisters had reason to believe that Madeleine was on the other side of the portiere, hearing every word, noting every answer.

Then Sister Titus spoke especially for the hidden listener's benefit: "Look, Sister, on the wall! That lovely Florentine



She found her mother in the garden

plaque we gave Madeleine when she was baptized! And it has a bit of blessed palm over it, high above all the other pictures, as if enshrined. Well, that is comforting! Surely the Blessed Mother is watching over our Madeleine!"

There had been real sacrifice on the part of Sister Titus when she had given her lovely *Madonna del Granduca* to the school's first convert. But now she rejoiced to find the plaque a talisman of hope and faithful remembrance.

While Sister Celine tried to learn whether or not the baby was baptized, how long the family had lived there, how John liked school, and what class he was in, Sister Titus wrote a letter to Madeleine, the sheep that had wandered from the fold, from her family and her friends.

After sealing the little note and lifting it to the *Madonna* and Child with a prayer, Sister Titus gave it to John. Then,

with friendly smiles to children and servants, the two visitors left the house. How they wished they could view the scene that they knew would take place as soon as they should be safely on the bus and headed away from the neighborhood!

The Sisters learned later that, as soon as they had left, out dashed Madeleine from behind the curtain. She seized the envelope and tore it open. Quickly she read the loving words of her dear Sister friend. Hot tears welled in her eyes, and she sobbed heartbrokenly.

Sister Titus wrote again to her erstwhile convert, but received no answer. When she revisited the house, she found it occupied by a strange family who knew nothing of the former tenants. So the case was committed to the prayerful, persevering intercession of Marie Therese, Madeleine's older sister, who was wasting away with tuberculosis. Each week the Sisters visited Marie Therese; each week they rejoiced to find her more united to God's holy will. She had been baptized soon after Madeleine, and longed to share the Faith with her lapsed sister.

The two girls had been very happy together before Madeleine ran away with her Eurasian employer. Their mother, Mrs. Sing, had been nearly ready for Baptism when Madeleine betrayed her Faith and threw all conventions to the wind. In the eyes of Chinese friends, the family name was besmirched. Now that Marie Therese was nearing death, the mother's heart yearned for her other child's love and devotion, as well as her return to the Faith.

Weeks wore on, and summer gave place to autumn. In the Month of the Rosary, Saint Teresa's young namesake lived long enough to start the novena to her heavenly patron, but the feast day itself found her wasted body under the greensward.

Then, indeed, was Mrs. Sing lonely. She went to the Sisters and offered her services to them. As she learned of all the good work done for her people by the Catholic Church, her remaining hesitation and doubt gradually disappeared. She believed that Baptism would unite her to the communion of saints, of whose company her Marie Therese was a heavenly member, and she felt sure that her prayers for Mei Yan would be heard if she herself could become a Catholic. So, in the chapel of the mission, Mrs. Sing became part of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Not many weeks later, in the narrow alley leading to the mission, appeared a young woman carrying a child. The mother was well-dressed and shy — evidently a stranger. Into the church she stepped, and towards the high altar.

What was that picture she saw, apparently encircled by clouds? How strange, she thought, in that Chinese setting, to find a large copy of Raphael's *Madonna del Granduca*, like the plaque she once had known so well!

An American missionary was kneeling in the sanctuary, reading his breviary. "Father," the young mother whispered, "will you hear my confession?"

She told the little one to wait for her while she would be in the confessional. But the child soon grew restless and ventured out a side door into an inviting

garden. After making her confession, Madeleine — for it was she — went to the altar to thank Our Lord and His Mother for the peace that was in her soul. Then back to where she had left her youngster, she hastened — but he was gone!

Calling the child's name, she asked the priest to help her. Then the sacristan appeared and said the child was in the Sisters' garden. When she learned that they were Maryknoll Sisters, members of the community that had taught at Sacred Heart School, she told the priest she felt sure of a welcome. She explained that her husband had deserted her, but now that she had made her peace with God, her former shame had left her.

Under a banyan tree, on the circular bench that enclosed the huge trunk, she found a smiling Chinese lady petting the runaway child. The Sisters were giving him lichee nuts and asking questions.

Suddenly the child looked up and cried, "Mama!" He slid off the lady's lap and ran to the young woman who had entered the garden.

Madeleine gathered her son into her arms. A moment later, when she looked around, she, too, cried out, "Mama!"

For the Chinese lady in the garden was her own dear mother. As the priest returned to the chapel, he wondered if the Madonna's face above the altar, really was smiling.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$ _____, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name _____

Street _____ Zone _____

City _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$ _____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.



Our Lady of Maryknoll

Three-Minute Meditation

THE STORY of Bernadette of Lourdes is the story of The Immaculate Conception. What should be especially emphasized in this story, and yet is often lost sight of, is that which The Immaculate Conception herself chiefly insisted upon — the message regarding conversions, which she gave to Bernadette.

This message was not a single, isolated message, but rather a series of messages, all converging to the point: Pray and work for conversions. Observe, too, that though the child besought her to give her name, the Virgin Mother constantly refused, through a number of days, until she had emphasized her message.

Not until she had done this, would she proclaim, "I am The Immaculate Conception." As if she would say: "I am indeed The Immaculate Conception. But the peculiar office and work of The Immaculate Conception, which must be insisted upon and for which it was decreed by God, is to bring about the conversion of souls, and therefore to have all make use of the means of conversion — prayer and work of every kind ordained by God for conversion."

Pray and work for the conversion of the countless souls about to perish: this is the substance of the message given to little Bernadette for her to convey to all.

●
*Mary, Mother of Missions, Lady of Maryknoll,
intercede for the millions who know not Christ.*

"Go for Broke"

by CHARLES F. McCARTHY

MANY YEARS AGO IN SEATTLE, a good man lay on his deathbed. In a feeble voice, he called his four young sons to his side.

"My sons," he told them, "I was not born in this country, but you were. You are citizens of the country whose soil has blessed us. It is my wish that, after I go, you conduct yourselves with dignity and that you honor and serve this country of your birth."

The man died, but his sons did not forget his last message. Years later one of those boys, now a grown man, paused for a few moments as he prepared to go into battle, and wrote:

"MY DEAR SON FREDDIE:

"If it weren't for your mother's letters, which come almost daily, your daddy's life in the Army would be most unhappy, indeed. You know, my son, don't you, that the first reason your daddy volunteered was to do something for you and your mother? The second reason was to do something for your cousins, who have a future life ahead of them, too; and the third reason is, in fact, the main one — to do my duty when my country calls me.

"Son, I know you will do the same if and when such a time comes in your life. Your daddy hopes that you won't have to answer the call to arms, as that is what we are fighting for: to end once and for all, in this war, the need to go to war. . . ."

And so the letter continued, in a typical American vein. Its writer, Private Howard Sakura, of Seattle, was an American soldier writing home to his son — an American with a Japanese face.

Men like Howard Sakura have written one of the most glorious chapters in the history of American arms, and Maryknoll is privileged to have played a small part in their formation. Howard Sakura was a member of the 442nd Combat Team. This outfit, together with the 100th Battalion, compiled one of the high records for heroism in the war, and both groups were composed entirely of Japanese-American volunteers.

Took First Prisoner

THE 442nd included infantry, artillery, and engineers; the 100th was entirely infantry. When the boys were first organized, at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, they chose for their slogan an Hawaiian slang phrase, "Go for Broke." It meant that they had pledged themselves to an all-out effort for the United States.

The record of these two Japanese-American outfits is a glorious one. The first Japanese-American soldier to die gave his life when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Two others helped capture the operator of a Japanese one-man submarine which had grounded on a reef off Oahu — and that operator was the first Japanese prisoner of World War II. The 100th Battalion, which was made up largely of Japanese Americans from the mainland, fought up the entire length of Italy. They invaded at Salerno, drove across the Volturno, were in at the capture of Cassino, and spearheaded the attack on Livorno.

Newspaper correspondents praised the two outfits. Reports told how, within four days after landing in Italy, the Nisei soldiers had knifed through fifty miles of

tough German defenses. Some had fought around the clock, averaging two and a half hours of rest a night. Some fought so far ahead of supply lines that they had been twenty-four hours without food. Dispatches told how the 442nd and 100th broke through German lines to rescue trapped Allied groups.

The exploits of these two outfits brought glory and honor and casualties. The record of the 100th Battalion speaks for itself. Twice the President of the United States gave it special unit citations. More than one thousand Purple Heart badges were awarded members of the battalion; these were won at the price of blood. Other decorations include fifty-five Silver Stars, thirty-one Bronze Stars, nine Distinguished Service Crosses, three Legion of Merit Medals, and a special citation from General Mark Clark. Casualties of the 100th Battalion numbered almost fifty per cent. The record of the 442nd Combat Team is no less impressive.

Over two hundred Japanese-Americans served in the Merchant Marine, and a large number of Nisei girls joined the WAC. Others have been decorated for their parts in air raids, such as Ben Kuroki's feat over Ploesti; Ben holds two Distinguished Flying Crosses and the coveted air medal with four oak-leaf clusters.

Indispensable

STILL other Niseis received special commendation for their service in intelligence units and as interpreters; according to one Army officer, they played "an indispensable role" in the war. When news reached this country that the Japanese had executed the American flyers who bombed Tokyo, Nisei soldiers held a rally at Camp Shelby and bought \$101,000 worth of war bonds.

From the Maryknoll schools in Seattle and Los Angeles, more than two hundred Japanese-American boys entered the armed services. Eight of those soldiers were killed in action. Their names will hold a cherished place in the records of the Maryknoll schools: George Omokawa, Francis Kinoshita, John Kawaguchi, George Tatsumi, Peter Fujiwara, George Nonomiya, Ben Hara, and Victor Okida. Other names will probably join this list after all details become known.

Tribute

IN ONE TRIBUTE to Japanese Americans, Colonel Kendall J. Fielder, Chief of Staff for Military Intelligence in the Central Pacific, presented Purple Hearts to the nearest of kin of sixty Nisei soldiers who had fallen in battle. During the ceremony he declared to the saddened relatives:

"This is not a happy occasion for you or for me, but it is a proud one. You are the mothers and fathers, the wives, the sisters and brothers, of American soldiers who gave their lives for our country. Your boy was an American, and he fought and died as hosts of good Americans have always done and always will do when the cause of freedom is threatened. . . .

"He knew, also, as you must know, that there are some good Americans who, out of righteous anger, were slow to accept the fact of his wholehearted Americanism. He didn't need to die to prove to himself, or to you, or to other Americans, that he was fine and loyal and brave. His willingness to serve America by fighting for her proved that."

Colonel Fielder was merely developing those words of President Roosevelt that had given hope and joy to so many American minorities:

"Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry."

70 x \$500

MARYKNOLL is sending one of the largest groups of missionaries in its history to the fields afar — to China, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, and Latin America. Fifty-four priests have been assigned, and nearly twenty more will be listed soon.

Most of these missionaries will go into areas that have been stricken by years of war. They will go to people who have been hoping and praying for someone to come and help them amid the devastation. They will go to help the people—in body and in soul. And it is hard to overestimate the importance of their going.

A radio news commentator surprised his listeners recently when he said over the air, "I hope the top priority will be given to both Catholic and Protestant missionaries, so that they can get back to the business of Christianizing Japan."

Delighted as we are to send our missionaries, and as they are to go, they can't go on a wing and a prayer! The cost for each will be \$500 for equipment and travel, whether they go by train, boat,



Trains come for missionaries who have tickets

plane, pony, or bicycle! This, in brief, is our problem.

Seventy-plus times \$500 means a total of \$35,000. It must be found somehow, somewhere, in a few months — unless we borrow the money, and we don't like to do that. If you can't help, will you kindly recommend the idea to someone else? Any portion (no matter how large or how small) of the \$500, we shall be most grateful for.

If you supply the fare, we'll see that the missionaries get there!

----- (PLEASE USE THIS BLANK) -----

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____ Zone _____

City _____ State _____

A Padre Comes to Town

by **RAYMOND J. BONNER**

THE LAST STOP on Maryknoll's timetable in Bolivia is Porvenir. Six hours from Cobija, as the crow flies, it nestles lazily beside the river, hemmed in on all sides by the sweltering jungle. In Spanish, "Porvenir" means more than "future": it suggests something all wrapped up ready for delivery.

It so happened that this jungle settlement was more or less a self-imposed concentration camp. Every refugee this side of the Amazon eventually found solace among the seventy tropical huts and fourteen saloons of Porvenir, but such an atmosphere did little to better the outlook of the natives. The visits of a Padre caused a general examination of conscience — and if there was anything a Porvenir resident did not wish troubled, it was his conscience.

The Widow Bastos was happy to have a Padre come to town. But then, she had five harum-scarum youngsters, who were more susceptible to the wild riding and straight shooting of Chico Ferreira than to the easily spoken but hard-to-live counsels, "Blessed are the meek . . . Blessed are the peacemakers. . . ."

Flag Stop

FROM far and wide, society's outcasts and God's problem children sought this flag stop on the wayward express. After a fashion, a Padre was always welcome, if supplying him with the best corner of the floor for a bed, locking the chickens and dogs out of the room, and offering a cup of coffee without sugar could be considered signs of welcome. But the thought of having a Padre as a permanent resident

was too much of a strain on the populace. Then came Maryknoll!

It could have been a problem to find the right missionary for such a place, but hidden among the names of Christ's expendables was that of Father Walter Valladon. Few recognize his first name, for he is "Sam" to all who know him, possibly because he is like everyone's uncle. He talks about supper in the kitchen, or baseball games on some lot in Oakland, California, or his brother Babe, "somewhere in the Pacific," in a way that makes a listener homesick. But it is this outlook that has enabled him to be at home in this far corner. There is nothing about the Padre that is showy — he's as natural as the color of an apple.

Only Glory Left

PATRIOTISM is said to be, sometimes, the last refuge of a scoundrel, but adherence to the Catholic religion is the only glory left to the wicked. For that reason, 'tis awkward to deny this consolation to the weak. But no one misses the point when the Padre thumps his forefinger into his fist and tells Pedro Villalobos that it is fine to be "on the right track," but that too many people sit down on the track and get run over. The Christian idea of marriage had been unattractive to most of the people, but a lot of them caught the idea when the children began to ask Mom and Dad what, if anything, made their home different from the *garza's* nest. Going to church was a sissy's occupation, till the Padre came back unarmed from a trip into the forest, where he had gone to say Mass and had run into two wildcats.

It is over a year now since I visited Porvenir. It was everything a frontier town should be. I found it rough, half abandoned, a good place to come from, where the fittest didn't always survive and the honest scarcely ever thrived. But there have been some changes made. A Town Committee has been formed, and Padre Valladon is its president. The cattle no longer graze on "Main Street," and each home takes pride in decorating the thatched walls with decent pictures from current magazines. A radio has been installed, and the folks are really interested in knowing that crime doesn't pay.

There are no lights in the town, but the Padre feels that, if he can ever build a chapel, it will brighten this once-desolate spot. At present, he is using a storeroom flanked by a dance hall and a refreshment parlor, and it is a pleasure to note that business is much better after church hours than during them.

As Padre Valladon puts it: "I never noticed a change until I checked up with Rosita Ferreira, who is little bigger than

a minute. Last year, at Passiontide, she insisted that I covered the cross and one statue because the Pharisees made things 'too hot' for Our Lord; but this year she changed her version and was certain it was done because Jesus wished to say some prayers all by Himself and be ready for His death."

There must be many "Porvenirs" scattered throughout the world. To really give them a future, it is only a matter of finding a few more missionaries like "Padre Sam." As for myself, I am edified and encouraged to see such progress. But, being more content to push, instead of pour, the grace of God into people's hearts, I shake when the parish parrot keeps repeating, "Where do we go from here?"

Tomorrow I leave for Cobija, and I thank God that Father Valladon is still in Porvenir.

In the Kweilin Prefecture, China, Maryknoll treated 158,000 medical cases in eight dispensaries during one year.

Father Walter Valladon, everyone's "uncle," refereeing a basketball game



Spes Messis in Semine

THE LATIN INSCRIPTION over the door to Maryknoll Seminary reads: THE HOPE OF THE HARVEST IS IN THE SEED. Hundreds of young Americans, like these two seminarians (the word seminary comes from the Latin word *semine*, meaning seed), are anxious to give themselves to the mission cause.

Many of our friends have congratulated us upon the gratifying growth of Maryknoll. "How wonderful that you accepted 328 students for the priesthood last September!" they exclaim. "And to think that more than 200 service men already have applied, not to mention hundreds of others!"

Yes, it is a glorious feeling to know that there are so many American youths anxious to go to the far corners of the earth for Christ, and we thank God for inspiring them; but we lack the equipment for training them. If the seed cannot be nurtured, there is little hope for the harvest. And we *do* have to be practical. Where are we going to put them?

Double-deck beds have helped to solve the problem up to now, but there is a limit to piling students like cordwood. At present, we lack both the equipment and the funds necessary to train the new aspirant apostles who are asking admittance. The answer is a Maryknoll College for our seminarians. We have purchased property in Glen Ellyn, a suburb of Chicago. Friends desiring to provide for these future missionaries at Glen Ellyn may be interested in the following opportunities: dormitory space for one bed, \$300; a classroom, \$5,000; a science laboratory, \$10,000; a pane for a window, \$2; a square foot of land, \$1; or any gift, large or small, for the building.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

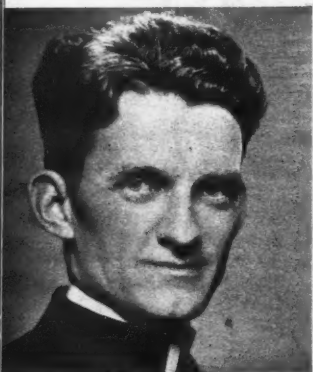




Father Chatigny



Father McCabe



Father McNiff

On the Mission Front

Missioner's Meditation: — Life is a journey through a desert whose limits are the shores of eternity. In mission countries there is a need of very special guides to be the leaders of men in their earthly pilgrimage, for here the darkness of paganism has obscured the skies, and there are multitudes of false guides who, intentionally or not, are leading men astray.

The duty of a guide is to lead men, and his whole deportment must inspire confidence if he wishes men to trust him. He must call aloud, in and out of season, that those who have lost their way may regain it, and those who have never seen the true way may find it and walk therein. Missioners are the voices crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight His path."

— Father Donat W. Chatigny, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, and Kongmoon, China

Some Observations: — Before coming to the jungles, I never imagined that I should be in a Catholic country where priests are almost nonexistent. In this past year, I have visited villages where only one family had been blessed by a Church marriage. Once I encountered a boy who lived out in the jungles, who had never seen a priest; he ran in the opposite direction as fast as his legs would carry him when he saw me. On that same trip, people told me that no priest had ever passed through their section before. Progress here is slow, but it is steady.

— Father John J. McCabe, of Everett, Massachusetts, and Filadelfia, Bolivia

No Babe in Arms: — I had a pleasant conversation with a seminarian who had been a doctor in the United States before he entered the local seminary. He had been educated in France and had learned to speak English with a British accent — which is considered quite the thing in this part of the world. There are several students here in Santiago who entered the seminary after they had completed training for some other profession. Schools here are interesting. The



Father Jakowski.



Father Gerbermann

grammar school has only six grades, or years, but the subjects taught are very advanced. The fourth grade is now studying physiology. Going into the fourth-grade classroom, I noticed on the blackboard a diagram of the digestive system. The word "esophagus" was prominently displayed. I wondered how youngsters, who found it difficult to pronounce "resurrection," made out with "esophagus" and similar labels.

— *Father James F. McNiff, of Peabody, Massachusetts, and Talca, Chile*

Fight against Malaria: — The past month was really a test for the entire populace, as it was the worst month for sickness. One fifth of the inhabitants were treated for malaria, and despite vigilance, a few deaths were reported. Steps have been taken whereby the school is visited weekly, and the youngsters are forced to take their prophylactic. The village has taken on the aspect of an Oriental one, as a result of the people's use of atabrine. This remedy turns the skin yellow — but what matters the complexion one wears, so long as the ravages of the disease are on the decrease!

— *Father Hilary G. Jakowski, of Menasha, Wisconsin, and Guayaramerin, Bolivia*

No Rest for the Weary: — I had thirty confirmations and ten baptisms today after Mass. Then I mounted our trustworthy steed, Soto, and went to Pueblo Nuevo. After three hours of hard riding in the jungle, over hills, and through several deep creeks, I could only wonder what persuaded people to settle in this out-of-the way place.

Some proffered refreshment was welcomed. Then I went to the makeshift chapel to administer Baptism and Confirmation. Tonight, instead of preaching to these goodhearted Indians, I reviewed the catechism with them. After Rosary I began again to baptize and confirm, until my legs refused to bear me up any longer! On a day like this, no sooner does my head touch the pillow than I fall fast asleep, oblivious to the noisy celebration in the village.

— *Father Hugo M. Gerbermann, of Nada, Texas, and Quevedo, Ecuador*

Father Vincent Lebbe: Hero

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

IN A LITTLE HOUSE on the outskirts of Chungking, an old man lay dying. Doctors sent by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek could not discover the ailment. But the simple people of the city knew, and they passed the word from one to another:

"Lei Ming Yuan dies of a broken heart."

Lei Ming Yuan (Thunder Resounding Afar) is the Chinese name for Father Vincent Lebbe, a Belgian-born, Chinese-naturalized priest. It is a name which ranks high in the apostolic history of China.

Father Lebbe was born in Ghent, Belgium, on August 19, 1877. In 1895, he journeyed to Paris and entered the Vincentian seminary to study for the priesthood; six years later, although not yet ordained, he was assigned to China. When he arrived in the Flowery Kingdom, the fires of the Boxer Rebellion were still smoldering.

The energy of the young Belgian was tremendous. A master of the Chinese language, gifted with a strong and impressive personality, the new missionary attracted throngs of pagans to hear his preaching.

Promotion Genius

SO SUCCESSFUL was he that he rented the largest hall in Tientsin, Canton Guild Hall, and lectured there every night to some three thousand pagans. After each lecture, he would answer questions until midnight. Large numbers of converts were gained through this lecture-hall system, and soon the movement spread all over the district.

In 1912, Father Lebbe founded the weekly Catholic paper, *Kwen I Lo* (*Spread*

Abroad Benefits). Another weekly followed later. Then after three years, the editor decided to begin a daily Catholic paper, a feat impossible even in most Christian countries of the West. Space in the eighty Tientsin street cars was purchased for an advertising campaign, and large signs in flaming red characters challenged, "What Is Going to Happen on October 10?" October 10 is a great day in China, corresponding to our Fourth of July. Because the Chinese revolution had taken place only four years previously, there was much speculation as to what might happen. The whole of Tientsin became so concerned that the police commissioner finally went to Father Lebbe and asked him to remove the signs. Next day, in place of the questions, placards appeared, stating, "On October 10, *Ishepao* (*Social Welfare*) will appear."

Aids Students

THE advertising campaign was successful. Within a few months the paper had a daily circulation of 40,000 copies, which was enormous for China.

In 1920, Father Lebbe returned to Europe. He was immediately called to aid a large group of Chinese students who had been invited to France by Premier Herriot, and then had been left stranded when Herriot quit office. Father Lebbe organized the Chinese Students' Association and helped the youths with funds. He even gave his own watch to one of them—a small, bespectacled scholar, named Chou En-lai.

Father Lebbe traveled back and forth to Rome, where he assisted in the prep-

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Fr. Lebbe, naturalized Chinese citizen

aration of the famous encyclical of Pius XI on native clergy. In 1926, he was present in Rome for the consecration of six Chinese bishops, and with one of them, Bishop Melchior Sun, he returned to China. There he began a promotion of Chinese Catholic art, particularly in reference to Chinese martyrs; this was a new form of Catholic action.

In 1928, at the age of fifty-one, Father Lebbe became a Chinese citizen. He had already founded several mission societies, three newspapers, two magazines, and a half-dozen other organizations — enough for the lifetime of any man. But this zealous missionary was not content to rest on his oars.

Firmly convinced that China's conversion would come through its own sons and daughters, he persuaded Bishop Sun to allow him to found two native communities, one for men and the other for women. Father Lebbe traveled through the countryside, searching out recruits, begging money for the enterprise, and seeking suitable locations for the projects. Finally, on December 16, 1928, the Monastery of the Beatitudes was blessed, and the first fifteen novices were received.

The new society for men was called Little Brothers of Saint John the Baptist, because, as the founder said, it was their task to prepare the way for Our Lord. The Brothers take four vows: poverty, chastity, obedience, and personal mortification. At the monastery they sing the Divine Office in Chinese, daily; they keep complete silence, save for two half-hour recreation periods; they are forbidden by rule to eat meat, fish, and eggs, or to use wine or tobacco. When traveling, the Little Brothers are not allowed to use trains, but frequently bicycles are provided for their journeys. An interesting point of their rule is the requirement to

take ten minutes of setting-up exercises in the morning, and a daily bath.

With the exception of the scapular they wear, the Little Brothers make all their own clothes, even to shoes and socks. Cotton grown on their own fields is spun and made into cloth in native fashion.

When the Little Brother is sufficiently trained, he is sent to a mission station, where he lives in a mud-brick house adjoining a chapel. He labors with his hands for a living. He explains Catholic doctrine and catechizes both children and adults. Once a year he returns to the monastery to have his spiritual energies restored and invigorated.

What has been said concerning the Little Brothers is equally true of the Little Sisters of Saint Therese. Both communities prospered and within a few years numbered several hundred members and some twenty-five houses.

When war broke out in 1932, and again in 1937, the Little Brothers joined the army as stretcher bearers in Red Cross units. Father Lebbe was given the honorary title of General in the Chinese Army, but he refused to allow his Little Brothers to bear arms, and once he expelled one from the community because the Brother carried a gun while gathering wounded men from the front lines.

Father Lebbe served the army well, even though at times the army was under the domination of Chinese Communists. The missionary was helping Chinese, and that was his primary concern. From the

front lines, he sent the following report:

"Concerning the monastery at the front, the biggest difficulty is to maintain an intense religious life among our Brothers. Wherever we stop, our monastic life is at once organized, including the novitiate with its thirty novices, and our little monks keep the rule with admirable precision. The Brothers' habit has become extremely popular in the army.... Today Catholic soldiers, nurses, and stretcher bearers are in furious demand. For this, glory to God!"

The section of China in which Father Lebbe and his Little Brothers served was in the possession of the Chinese Communist troops. Many of them

would go to Father Lebbe and ask to have Mass offered for them. One high Communist officer wrote Father Lebbe a letter in which he thanked him "for the beautiful Mass you offered for us today." The Little Brothers were making many converts.

Then into the Chinese Communist territory came Communist refugees from Spain. When those European Reds discovered Father Lebbe, they were furious and immediately sent a message to Moscow. Within a short time, an answer returned. The Communist leader told Father Lebbe that the priest and his Little Brothers must leave the territory. Without protest, Father Lebbe gathered his little community and set out for the long trek back to his base in Honan Province.



Fr. Lebbe with "Ishepao"

After he reached home, he drew up the final constitutions of his religious societies, made his will, and put all his affairs in order. Then he "sat back" to wait for a message that he seemingly expected. Finally, through the underground, a letter reached the waiting priest. It was from the Communists, and it requested Father Lebbe and his Little Brothers to return to the Communist army.

Unquestioningly, Father Lebbe and his Little Brothers set out again. As soon as they reached the Communist territory, they sent word of their arrival to headquarters. A reply was received; it was an order for their arrest.

The entire group of priest and Brothers was condemned to death. Because Father Lebbe was the superior, it was announced that he should be the last to die. The days that followed were ones of agony and torture for Father Lebbe. One by one, he saw his forty Little Brothers being executed. Some were buried alive, with only their heads exposed, and then trampled to death by horses. Others were shot; others were decapitated.

Finally, only Father Lebbe was left. One day a man entered Father Lebbe's cell. The priest strove to recall where he had seen that man before. Then he remembered: his visitor was Chou En-lai, to whom years before, in France, Father Lebbe had given his watch. Chou En-lai had become supreme over all Communist China. He told Father Lebbe that he was sorry about the executions of the Little Brothers, but that he had received orders and he had to carry them out. He said that the priest's own execution was scheduled for the morrow, but that he hoped to save him.

Chou sent a message to Chiang Kai-shek, telling the Generalissimo that he could have Father Lebbe for \$20,000, pro-

vided a plane would be sent to take the missionary out. Chiang, who knew the great services that Father Lebbe had rendered China, readily agreed to the ransom. At six o'clock on the morning of the execution, the personal plane of General Chiang Kai-shek landed at Communist headquarters. Father Lebbe was hastily placed aboard, and within a few hours he was safe in Chungking.

Friends who knew the priest were saddened at the change in him. They had seen a vigorous, strong man, but now they saw a broken, sorrowing one. His spirit was deeply wounded by the barbarities inflicted on his Little Brothers when the entire community was wiped out.

Deeply Mourned

FATHER LEBBE was taken to a little house on the outskirts of Chungking. He had often told friends that he hoped to die on the feast of Saint John the Baptist. This wish was to be fulfilled. It was on June 24, 1940, the feast day of Saint John, that this zealous missionary died.

Father Lebbe's funeral was held from the Chungking Cathedral, and official China turned out to pay him the last homage. In accordance with Chinese custom, Chinese officials brought presents of food, which were left to be buried with the body.

Just before the funeral, Bishop Yu-pin arose and asked one of the priests to go outside and bring in some of the poorer Chinese who were mourning their departed friend. When the poor were brought in, Bishop Yu-pin gave them the food. "It is the way Father Lebbe would wish it," he explained to the gathered officials and diplomats.

And outside, too, the poor Chinese wept. They said, "Lei Ming Yuan died of a broken heart."

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Right-hand Men — catechists — who save the missionary's time and speed his work, are needed by Bishop Escalante in Bolivia. Three, at \$15 each per month, would be able to spread more knowledge among the Indians. Will you support one?

Catholic Action means much for our success in China. A meeting hall is needed and it will cost \$500. We hope all or part of this sum will be offered soon for this important use. Could you contribute toward this very worthy cause?

An Altar Missal. The cost is \$35 each; five missals are needed for various missions. As the donor of one, you can be certain that your gift will remain upon the altar for every Mass.

The Fires of Life burn first in the cooking stove — because missionaries must eat. In one Chinese mission, cooking fuel costs \$9 a month. Who will contribute to buy it?

Investment! Twenty-five dollars will buy vestments that are greatly needed at one Maryknoll mission in China. What better way to put money to work?

Wisdom, not Weapons of War! That is the world's need; and wisdom begins with knowledge. Education for one student for a whole year at Father Powers's college in Molina, Chile, costs only \$20. Surely that is a bargain!

Forty Thousand Indians, widely scattered, must be reached with equipment for Mass and the sacraments, and also with medicine. This is one problem for our missionaries at Villa Victoria. Father Flaherty needs a truck, which locally will cost \$1,000. Will he have it soon?



Hungry Boys in Guatemala are very like hungry boys anywhere else — and it takes as much to feed them. Pots and pans, knives and forks, cooking equipment, for fifty

students at the school of the Maryknoll Fathers, will cost \$250. Will someone help us get these necessities?

To Fill the Chalice with altar wine costs \$30 for one Maryknoll mission for one year. Yet the chalice must never be empty.

Long Lines of Sick and Injured — often thousands in a day — appear at Maryknoll dispensaries in China. A building, which can be secured for \$500, will enable us to handle and serve the patients faster and better. Give all or part of the money!

Housing Shortage in the Orient. Urgently needed is a students' dormitory near the college at Wuchow, to house out-of-town students. \$1,500 will cover the cost.

A Wood Floor for the sanctuary and sacristy is needed for the chapel at the Ayapata mission in Peru. Such a floor would cost \$200.



CHINA MISSION NEEDS

The Doctor's Bag. Suppose, when you were sick and the doctor came to treat you, he opened his bag and found it empty! Imagine that he had no medicine, and could get no more! If you consider how you would have felt, you will understand why we ask \$500 to buy supplies for a dispensary in China. Any gift will help.

Lepers Are People. They work and play, get hungry and tired, joke, grow angry, laugh and weep. They need food, clothing, shelter, medicines. Maryknoll cares for many Chinese lepers. To provide for one for a month costs \$5.

What Good Is a Baby? Who knows? He may become another Lincoln, a modern Saint Paul, another Cardinal Tien (the new Chinese Cardinal was raised in a Catholic orphanage); but if he dies of hunger and sickness, we shall never learn. Give us \$1 — \$5 — \$10 — or more, to help save China's children.

Maryknoll Annuities enable you to give to the missions while you still continue to enjoy income from your gift funds. Ask for our free booklet about annuities.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



**Big dreams
for tomorrow.
Some day he
may be go-
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his brother.**

(See page 37)

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